CALIFORNIA.

A TRIP

ACROSS THE PLAINS,

IN THE SPRING OF 1850,

BEING A DAILY RECORD OF INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP OVER THE PLAINS, THE DESERT, AND THE MOUNTAINS, SKETCHES OF THE COUNTRY, DISTANCES FROM CAMP TO CAMP, ETC.,

AND CONTAINING VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO EMIGRANTS.

AS TO WHERE THEY WILL FIND WOOD, WATER, AND GRASS AT ALMOST EVERY STEP OF THE JOURNEY

BY JAMES ABBEY.

NEW ALBANY, IND.:

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1850.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

10 Miles from St. Joseph,
April 24, 1850.

THINKING that my New Albany friends would like to know what is going on here, I take the liberty of addressing you a few lines. We arrived here on Thursday, the 14th instant, from St. Louis, on the steamer *Dove*, making the trip in the short space of eleven days from New Albany to this place. Thus far, with the exception of a little trouble with our cattle, our trip has been a pleasant one. The boys enjoyed themselves finely, and have jogged along with cheerful hearts and bright hopes of the future. The tide of emigration from the States to California by way of St. Joseph, is pouring in from every direction. The whole country seems to be in commotion, and all are thinking and talking El Dorado, and a great many have left on their way there. Twice as many have arrived this Spring as last. The number now here I should estimate at 5,000. The daily arrivals of steamers are fast increasing the number. Several companies have left and are now on their journey, but they take with them sufficient grain to feed their stock till they can obtain grass on the plains. We have sufficient feed to last about three weeks, and we hope that by the time that is gone the grass will be sufficiently high for our stock to graze. Feed in the city of St. Joseph is very high; corn is selling at 86 cts. per bushel; oats 90 cts.; hay $2,25 per cwt.; potatoes $1,00 per bushel; white beans $1,25 per bushel; flour per bbl. $6,00, &c.

Sunday Evening, April 14th.—After we had got all our cattle off the boat, and packed our goods in the wagon, we succeeded in getting over the river at St. Joseph last night, at ten o'clock, in the Indian Nation, where we camped on a dry sand bar.

Monday Morning, April 15th.—The fatigues of the night are over. I am seated to note incidents as they pass. After crossing the river, we got into our wagon and took our supper, consisting

of raw ham, light bread, and cold water. After supper, all turned in except myself, who stood watch all night. At four o'clock in the morning, I ran the boys all out to breakfast, which was much better than our supper; we had hot coffee, broiled ham, light bread, and dried peaches. We had our old friend Ben. Lemon to breakfast. I crossed the river in a dug-out, to go to the post office at St. Joseph, and as good luck would have it I met Mr. James McCown and Mr. Tuley, from Weston, of whom I asked for the Indiana boys. They told me that Messes Nos. 1, 2, 4, 7, 13, and 14 were at Weston, but the other messes had made a split, and were like fried-wool—some had got off at Kansas, some at Liberty Landing, and some at St. Jo. All were well when last heard from.

Tuesday Morning, April 16th.—Got across the river last night as wet as a drowned rat, it having rained all day. I came in just in time to draw lots for cooking supper, and as good luck would have it, drew the prize. Our little sheet-iron stove answers a most excellent purpose.

Wednesday Morning, April 17th.—After breakfast we repacked our goods and started off to find a good grazing place for our cattle, and after traveling a most horrible road for some ten miles, we found a place which answered our purpose.

Thursday Morning, April 18th.—The fatigues of a rainy night are over. I am seated again to note incidents as they pass. I endeavored to cook breakfast, but with wet wood and a horrid tooth-ache, I can assure you it is any thing but a pleasant job. The boys are all seated round our camp fire, patiently waiting for a hot cup of coffee. We were fortunate in getting across the river at the time we did. We would not be in St. Jo. to-day with our teams, for the prettiest two hundred dollars ever looked at. The Missouri river rose about eight feet last night, and is full of drift and floating ice. After breakfast we were visited by some seventy or eighty Indians on their way to their village about six miles from the Bluffs. Our camp consists of some one hundred wagons. Rowley and McBride are with us; George Richey, George Claytor, and James Townsend,

of St. Louis, are also in camp with us, but they leave for the plains to-morrow—they are all well. George Tatspaw, H. McKay, and B. F. Lemon left yesterday for the plains. After eating a hearty supper all hands volunteered and hauled up a big pile of logs for our camp fire, around which all seated themselves to hear some music. Billy Reissinger was elected leader of the band. Our music consisted of cornett, ophyclide, trumpet, fiddle, guitar, and a flute. They played "Home Sweet Home," and "Life on the Ocean Wave." How true are the words of the poet, "music hath charms to soothe a savage breast." Yes, how quick the sweet tones will bring back our warmest recollections of some departed loved ones; what a gush of gentle sorrow will spring up in the bosom when we chance to hear some air that a good old mother used to sing at home years ago! Yes; the son never forgets his home.

Friday Morning, April 19th.—The sky is more clear, but blanket coats are quite comfortable. We all slept late this morning on account of the music of last night. We helped our camp mates Richey, Claytor, and Townsend, of St. Louis, pack their goods in their wagons preparatory to starting on their journey over the plains. At three o'clock, P. M. news came to camp that Richey & Co. had broken down on the road, about four miles off. So we all started with axes and tools to assist in mending the broken fragments; but when we arrived Richey and Claytor had gone to St. Joseph to get a new bolster.

Saturday Morning, April 20th.—Wind blowing violently this morning, with hard claps of thunder and cold rain, which make all feel uncomfortable. At ten o'clock this morning Mr. Alex O'Neil visited our camp, and reports his mess all well. They will be with us on Monday. At twelve o'clock the boys started on a hunt, and returned with two turkeys, two prairie hens, and two ducks, upon which we all feasted.

Sabbath Morning, April 21st.—Cold rainy day, with a hard wind. Having heard of a poor fellow from Ohio, about four miles from camp, being sick, I put on my weather suit and started in a trot

to his camp. I found him in his tent, with a buffalo skin on the cold ground for his bed, and a blanket to cover him. Upon inquiry I found he was suffering from a diarrhœa which he was unable to check. Having some of Forwood's cholera drops, I gave him a large dose, which relieved him immediately. I staid with him some three hours, and left him much better. At seven o'clock I reached camp so exhausted, that I was compelled to go immediately to bed, when a feeling of sadness came over me. I thought of home, my mother, sister, and friends. Oh! how gloomy my thoughts ran. I could no more control them than I could hold the wild horse Mazeppa.

On Monday, April 22d, I went to St. Jo. and afterward visited my sick friend, who was much better and pronounced me a good doctor.

Tuesday, April 23d, is a bright sunny day, the first we have had that felt like spring since we encamped here. I again went to St. Joseph and there saw Alfred Nunemacher and Ben. Shindler, who had traveled from Weston to St. Jo. one day in advance of their teams. They stated that Jerome Beers would be at St. Joseph on to-morrow evening with nine wagons from New Albany, consisting of messes Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 14, 17, 18, and 20; all the others had gone with Mr. Lindley on a new road opposite Weston and comes in the St. Jo. road near Fort Kearny.

Wednesday, April 24th.—News came to camp that Beers was at St. Joseph, and that he would cross the river to-day, and on to-morrow we should start on our long journey over the plains. At twelve o'clock we had every thing ready packed in our wagon, with two weeks' feed for our cattle. It would be a great treat to hear from home and friends, but I suppose that is now out of the question.

INDIAN TERRITORY, 8 miles from Fort Kearny,
May 12, 1850.

Hoping that you received my last letter from St. Joseph, I again give myself the pleasure of sending you some items of news from this part of the world; and as some one has said, "All of which

I was—part of which I saw." We arrived her yesterday evening, all in excellent spirits, though we have traveled with hard dragging over the sandy plains some two hundred seventy miles—fortunately thus far without the occurrence of an accident or injury, with the exception of the breaking down of one of our oxen.

We are encamped some eight miles from the Fort, on the banks of the Platte. Hearing that there were so many emigrants encamped near the Fort, we concluded to remain here till to-morrow when we make a start for Fort Laramie some 500 miles. Friend Norman, below you will find a sketch of our tramp over the desert plains, by one who participated in it.

Thursday, April 26.—A clear sunny day, wind blowing northeast. Left the Bluffs at eight o'clock, A. M.; traveled over a rolling prairie for eleven miles to a creek called Mosquito creek, where we watered and grazed our stock, some three hours in company with Beers. At two o'clock we got dinner and yoked up our cattle to leave for Wolf creek, some thirteen miles distant. At nine o'clock we arrived at Wolf creek and encamped for the night.

Friday, April 26.—A cool, chilly morning, sky clear; all turned out by four o'clock and had breakfast by five ready for a start. Crossed a log bridge at Wolf creek, erected for the benefit of the Sac and Fox Indians, for which we paid twenty-five cents. At six o'clock we arrived at a place called the Station, where a school is kept for the benefit of the Indians, also a fine farm in a high state of cultivation. It is established for the purpose of learning the wild men of the prairie and forest the use of agricultural implements. Here Beers' train got ahead of us, having first crossed the bridge. At nine o'clock we caught up with Beers. The Telegraph train traveled with them some three hours, when we arrived at a small creek, some eight miles from our morning's camp, when we found the banks steep and muddy, and where the ford had been filled up with brush to keep the cattle from sinking into the mud. Beer's train had all crossed with the exception of Duncan, Gilmore, and Cline's wagons. Duncan was the next to cross, so he drove into it

and sunk into the mud up to his axles. There being about eighty wagons waiting to cross, all hands went to work to help him out, some digging, some bringing saplings, some prying, &c., and, with the aid of eight extra yoke of cattle, finally fetched him out. After mending the road, we all got over safe and sound. By this time, Mr. Beers' line was some four hours ahead of us. At six o'clock, P. M., we encamped for the night on the open prairie, cooked our supper with grass, had to go some two miles for water, killed eight big rattlesnakes, and saw two antelopes. Made twenty miles to-day.

Saturday, April 27.—Cold nights and hot days. Cooked our breakfast with peagrass and ready for a start by six o'clock. The morning was very cold with a strong head wind. At eight o'clock we passed eight or ten graves of last year's emigrants. At twelve we stopped for dinner, and while the boys were eating their cold snack, I started out on the prairie a-snaking, and killed ten rattlesnakes, one with ten rattles on him. At six o'clock we encamped for the night on the bank of a creek, with plenty of wood and water, but grass scarce. Traveled this day fifteen miles.

Sunday, April 28.—We were up by two o'clock and got breakfast at three. Hearing that there was a difficult stream to cross, and unless we made an early start we should not reach it in time to cross by daylight, we drove our cattle at the rate of two miles an hour. After dinner we pushed our animals and arrived at the creek at six o'clock, and finding it very low, concluded to camp this side of it for the night. Here we found Richey, Rowley, and O'Neal, and one wagon from Shippingsport, all well. This stream is called Minewah. Traveled to-day some twenty-two miles.

Monday, April 29.—Left our camp at six o'clock and crossed the river in fine style, without taking any of our provisions out. Left Rowley, O'Neal, &c., who were going to wait till the cool of the evening, and to let their cattle rest. One poor fellow lost five yoke of oxen this morning, the Indians having driven them off. We traveled to-day till twelve o'clock, and the sun being so hot and our cattle having been driven so hard since we left the Bluffs, we stopped

for the night, in company with McBride, Gilmore, and Cline, and the teams from Ohio. Traveled this day eight miles.

Tuesday, April 30.—Got our breakfast as early as usual, and ready for a start by six o'clock. The day is cold and the wind is blowing so hard that it is almost impossible to stand up, but the boys say we are bound for California and it will never do to stop for wind, so we toddled on. At twelve o'clock we passed a train of mule teams from Peoria, Ill., with an axle broken. At two o'clock we stopped for dinner, and while the boys were enjoying some cold ham and hard bread, I again started out snaking and killed six whopping fellows. At six o'clock we arrived at a small creek, with plenty of wood and water but no grass. Traveled to-day fifteen miles over a good road.

Wednesday, May 1.—A bright clear morning, but wind blowing like a young hurricane, and cold as the month of February. We left camp this morning at five o'clock in company with Rowley, Richey, Gilmore, Cline, Armstrong, and Stevenson from Louisville, and three teams from Cincinnati, all in good health. At twelve o'clock we stopped to water our cattle. At five we arrived at a stream called Little Blue river; while here a young man from Ohio died of the measles.—Here is the first place that we have seen anything look green since we left home, sweet home, and that was willows which grew out of the banks of the river; as for grass, there is none of any length for cattle. Here we camped all night, having traveled fifteen miles.

Thursday, May 2.—The wind is blowing severely from the north, and a couple of blankets are by no means uncomfortable. At one o'clock we arrived at a small stream called Wood creek, where, for the first time since leaving the Bluffs, we found good grass for our cattle. We fell in with a mule train, and a Mr. Jamison, a Methodist preacher from Kentucky, traveling to California with his family, who, while under way, was looking down a cracked hound* when one of the pistols in his belt fell out on the tongue of the wagon, with the trigger down, and went off, the full charge having passed directly through his under jaw, coming out of his

* ?

mouth, tearing out several teeth and breaking the jaw in two places. The sight was awful. At six o'clock we pitched our tent in the neighborhood of the wounded man, having traveled to-day eighteen miles.

Friday, May 3.—Hard rain all night, which gave me a bad toothache. At nine o'clock we met some eight men with six horses on their way back home. They are from Fort Kearny, and report having seen the elephant at that place. At eleven o'clock we picked up one of Charles Winstandley and mess's oxen on the plains; he had let down and could not travel. The boys called him Beers' race nag. At half past four o'clock we passed the grave of Mr. John Abbott, the pioneer of New Albany. He is buried some one hundred fifty miles from St. Joseph on the main road to Fort Kearny, on a knoll, some six yards from the road, with several graves around him. He died on the twenty-third of May, 1849, aged 73 years. Traveled to-day eighteen miles.

Saturday, May 4.—A bright, spring-like day, the second of the kind since we left the Bluffs. We met two mule teams from Fort Laramie, who report no grass this side of the Platte, and the emigrants ahead of us had set fire to all of last year's growth. While grazing our stock at noon, I counted two hundred horse teams, eighty mule teams, and sixty ox teams pass by here.—At five o'clock we arrived at a creek where there was wood and water and some little grass; here we stopped for the night, having traveled nineteen miles over an excellent road.

Sunday, May 5.—Got our breakfast by sunrise and concluded to go to Sandy Creek, a distance of some eight miles, where we hear that grass is much better than here, our feed being nearly out. We were disappointed, however, as we found no grass at this point, but plenty of water. The prairie here is much broken and the soil a sandy gravel, which is poor for grass. We went on some seven miles further, having traveled this day fifteen miles over good road.

Monday, May 6.—The wind blew hard enough all night to make a fellow almost believe himself to be at sea in a gale. Our cattle this morning were in bad plight for traveling. Our messenger

found good grass about two miles from the road, and we determined to drive there and let our cattle graze, as they had traveled all day on Sunday, which was not our intention. Here we cast anchor for the day and ate a hearty dinner. Our dessert that day was something to be remembered, which was Mr. and Mrs. Naghel's plum pudding, which was presented by them to our mess before leaving home. We drank to the health of Mrs. N. from our tin cup, wishing her a long life and a happy one. We smacked our lips with joy that we were blessed with good health and a plum pudding for dinner on the desert wilds. We only made two miles to-day.

Tuesday, May 7.—Last night was a very disagreeable one, with a severe storm of wind and rain, making the roads very muddy. At eight o'clock myself and messmate, Daniel Ayres, had a chase after some thirty buffaloes, but did not succeed in killing any of them. At noon we stopped at Little Blue river, which stream we traveled up some four miles, when we came to for the night. Saw to-day some twelve wolves, six antelopes, and any quantity of snakes. Traveled to-day seventeen miles on a good road.

Wednesday, May 8.—Being cook, I turned out by four o'clock, and soon had breakfast ready. Weather very cold. At ten o'clock passed ten dead horses and mules, but no oxen as yet. While the cattle were grazing, I went to the road and counted sixty four-horse teams, forty mule teams, thirty ox teams, and a couple of *ladies* on horseback pass by. We yoked up our cattle and by eight o'clock arrived at the banks of the Little Blue, where we camped for the night, having traveled about sixteen miles over a rough road.

Thursday, May 9.—The grass here is somewhat better and we allowed our cattle to graze some four hours before starting. The road this morning is very good. A train of horse teams is passing us, a mile or more in length. While stopping at noon James McCown called and saw us while his mule team was passing, and Mr. Jamison, who was shot by a pistol, is doing very well. At 5 o'clock we camped on the banks of the Little Blue for the night, having traveled fourteen miles, and weather warm enough to shed blanket coats for the first time.

Friday, May 10.—Our cattle being much tired we allowed them to graze till nine o'clock, when we started off in high spirits, not having met with a single accident since we left the Bluffs. We camped at a place where was once a creek, but is now dried up, having traveled sixteen miles.

Saturday, May 11.—The weather was so cold last night, that the ice was a half an inch thick in our water bucket this morning. We were off by six o'clock, and in a couple of hours saw some twenty buffalo and antelopes at a distance. We met five government wagons on their way to the States from Fort Kearny. They report grass very scarce on the Platte, and corn worth five dollars per bushel. At ten o'clock we stopped on the plains and rested our cattle. Seeing a tent not far from the road, without and wagon near it, curiosity led me to walk out and gather items. I found a Mr. A. from Illinois, who was hunting for buffalo. He belongs to a train that passed yesterday. After traveling ten miles over a dry, sandy, dusty, crooked road, we arrived at the Platte just half an hour before sunset, when we cooked our suppers with prairie grass. The Platte river is a stream which has the appearance of being navigable for boats. The water, I suppose, is higher than usual, being within four feet of the top of the banks.—It has a very rapid current, and is as muddy as the Mississippi or Missouri. There is not a stick of timber on this side of the river. Traveled to-day twenty-three miles.

Sunday, May 12.—A bright, pleasant morning. We are at camp for to-day on the banks of the Platte, in company with McBride, Gilmore, and Cline, and a wagon from Ohio. We are some eight miles from the Fort. This morning seems more lively than usual, and nature assumes a lovely aspect. The sky is cloudless, spreading its blue canopy over us, and the air is pure and refreshing. Some of the boys are off hunting, while I am at camp closing up this brief record of our progress thus far, previous to sending it off to you, and in reading and meditation. I hear not the glad notes of the church bell, and see not the neatly dressed brunette tripping her way to the house of worship, obeying the injunction of the good book, which tells us to "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." Sunday evening,

we are all at supper, and have concluded to leave here to-morrow at daylight, to a place where we are informed there is plenty of grass, some twenty miles up the Platte.

FORT LARAMIE, June 1, 1850.

Monday, May 13th.—This morning we took an early start, having remained at our present camp since Saturday last. At five o'clock, a. m. we got our breakfast, struck our tents, and departed; having traveled some four miles we came up with Sowley and Ritchey's team, found them in good spirits and fine health. At eleven o'clock passed by Fort Kearny, it is a pretty place, there are some fourteen houses in it, three frame buildings two story high, the other houses are made of grass sods or mud, the roofs are covered with dry grass. There is a store, blacksmith shop, hospital and a post office. It is said that three thousand two hundred wagons had passed the Fort before us, and three hundred more are now in the vicinity. We are now surrounded by several large trains in full view. Beers is four days ahead of us. Lindley and his company three days behind, the last we heard of them they were on Little Blue. Nooned to-day on the banks of the Platte, some three miles this side of the Fort. At two o'clock rolled out again, after letting our cattle graze for some two hours, traveled four miles, came to for the night. Camped on the banks of the Platte, where we found some little grass for our cattle, but not a stick of wood within ten miles around us; cooked our supper with dry grass. Traveled to-day seventeen miles on a good level road.

Tuesday, May 14th.—Cooked our breakfast this morning with grass and was ready to start by six o'clock. At eight o'clock met a mule team from Fort Laramie with the mail, bound for Fort Leavenworth. They report upwards of three thousand wagons ahead of us. We nooned to-day on the banks of the Platte. From our camp I counted some thirty islands, varying in size, some a mile in length, covered with green trees and shrubbery, and assuming many singular shapes, representing at a distance, steamboats, flatboats, skiffs,

camels, elephants, &c. About the middle of the afternoon we met six ox teams from Scott's Bluffs. They had been out on a trading expedition since August last, and were just on their return to the States. At four o'clock we stopped and pitched our tents for the night on the bank of the Platte. Our route for the entire day has been up the valley of the Platte, frequently near its banks. The river here still maintains its expansive breadth, presenting itself four miles wide, but very shallow. In several places I saw men fording it, the water not being more than eighteen inches deep. The bed of the river is composed of quicksand and is constantly changing by the action of the current. The banks of the Platte are low, not being more than five feet above the present stage of water. Traveled to-day fourteen miles.

Wednesday, May 15.—The morning is delightful, the sun shining in great splendor. We were off by six o'clock. While at breakfast this morning, Mr. Allen, of McBride's mess, went out and killed a deer on the island opposite our camp, which was divided out amongst the companies. We traveled to-day till ten o'clock over a good road, still up the valley of the Platte, keeping about one mile from the river. Here we nooned and let our cattle out to graze, the grass being considerably better than usual. Warm enough to-day to travel without our coats. I saw some antelopes, but it seems almost impossible to shoot them, they being so wild. By one o'clock we were again pursuing our journey up the Platte bottom, the low grounds extending out from the river eight or ten miles, and bluffs of high land in sight on each side. The road is quite dusty to-day. At four o'clock we encamped for the night at a place where we have an abundance of grass and water, but there is no wood on this side of the river. Some of the boys, however, crossed over to an island and brought wood enough to cook our suppers. Traveled to-day sixteen miles.

Thursday, May 16.—We started this morning at six o'clock from a place called Plum Creek. Traveled a couple of miles and met nineteen ox teams, thirty-three days out from Fort Laramie, loaded

with buffalo robes and furs for the American Fur Company. At nine o'clock we saw some buffaloes and antelopes at a distance, and at eleven, finding good grass, we stopped to graze our cattle for a couple of hours. We find many articles strewed along the road, such as log chains, ox-yokes, horse-collars, cooking stoves, &c., which the emigrants have been compelled to throw away to lighten their wagons. We are still in the valley of the Platte. This is a large river, apparently about four times as wide as the Ohio at New Albany, and studded with thousands of islands. No timber is found on this side of the river. At eleven o'clock we stopped to let our cattle graze along the road. By two we were off as usual. The weather is very warm, and I think this is the hottest day we have experienced since the commencement of our journey across the plains. The road is very dry and dusty, having had but little rain since leaving the Bluffs. At five o'clock we encamped in the Platte bottom, some three miles from the river, being compelled, for want of wood, to cook our suppers with buffalo chips. Made seventeen miles to-day.

Friday, May 17th.—Left camp this morning at four o'clock. After traveling four miles we reached the banks of the Platte, we stopped and cooked our breakfast and let our cattle graze for three hours. At nine o'clock yoked up our cattle ready to move forward. At twelve o'clock stopped to noon, two miles from the river, found good grass. We had a meeting to organize our companies and to elect a captain. Mr. R. R. Stevens, of Louisville, was duly elected. It is a fine selection. Mr. S. is a gentleman of good judgment and will do justice to all. Our train consists of seven wagons, five from New Albany, viz: Abbey & Co., McBride & Co., Richey & Rowley, Gilmer & Kline, Alex. O'Neal & Co.; Armstrong & Stevens, of Louisville; Sanders & Co., of Shippingsport. At two o'clock ready to start on—traveled six or seven miles, when we came to a spring of running water but no wood. Here we formed the night guard, turned our cattle loose in the open plains till dark, then got them up and tied them to our wagons. Made seventeen miles, over a good level road, through the hot sun and dust.

Saturday, May 18th.—After standing the after-watch, I called all the boys up at three o'clock, to get ready for an early start, before the heat of the day. At ten o'clock traveled nine miles, and selected our grazing ground. To-day's travel has presented few varieties worth a notice. You see frequently during the day large numbers of bleached skeletons of the buffalo strewed over the plains on all sides. Yesterday I saw a badger and a polecat killed by some of the emigrants ahead of us. At one o'clock we resumed our march as usual. We traveled some ten miles, came to a spring of pure cold water, than which to a thirsty and weary traveler in this region nothing can be more luxurious, after traveling all day under the burning hot sun, with throats parched with heat and dust. Here we selected our camping ground for the Sabbath, opposite a place called Brandley's island, on the Platte. Traveled to-day nineteen miles.

Sunday, May 19.—We are blessed with another Holy Sabbath, with the hot sun pouring down upon us excessively. Not a cloud is to be seen in the heavens. But we are still blessed with good health, *mammoth* appetites and getting on as finely as we could desire. There are thousands, yes, millions of flies, and a *few* musquitoes here; they annoy us throughout the day, but the nights are too cold for them. After breakfast I took a stroll some four miles from our camp to explore and gather items. I had rambled some distance from the road side and came to a new-made grave. It was some poor fellow, and from appearances had not been made long. The wolves had been trying to dig it up. I saw some twelve wagons about two miles ahead nooning; I went there and procured a shovel of them and came back and filled the grave up again. There were no marks to tell the name of its occupant, but they had left him in these wilds to return to his native dust, and as my Friend Dow* jr., has said: "Oh it is a dismal sight to look into the dark and mouldy museum of death and find that all which is left of our former friends and acquaintances piled together, with no mark upon them to tell that they are the fragments of those whom we once cherished, loved, and admired." At two o'clock reached camp very much

*Lorenzo Dow the celebrated preacher.

fatigued, but in time for dinner, and shortly after had the pleasure of shaking hands with my old and esteemed friends Alex. O'Neal and Sidney Shaw, who had just caught up with us and intend making the trip to California in our train. This evening we were visited with a shower accompanied with violent lightning and thunder.

Monday, May 20.—We started very early this morning, and before the sun had risen had left some three hundred wagons behind us. I never saw cattle travel as ours did. Before our train had started, I visited the stranger's grave and found that it had not been disturbed. By seven o'clock, having traveled some nine miles, we stopped to breakfast and let our cattle graze, found good grass and plenty of it. While at dinner to-day I went out and counted about one hundred twenty wagons, in a quarter of a mile square, they were principally horse teams. At six o'clock we arrived at a running stream of water one mile from the road; here we found good grass some six inches high, and encamped for the night. Saw some dozen wolves and killed a large number of big rattlesnakes. Traveled eighteen miles over a good road to-day.

Tuesday, May 21.—We were later than usual in getting off this morning, on account of a large herd of buffaloes running through our cattle while grazing. They ran off some six miles, but we got them all safe to camp and were off by seven o'clock. At eleven o'clock, having traveled eight miles, and it being very warm, dry and dusty we came to for dinner, and turned our cattle out to feed. We are now within three miles of the lower crossing of the south fork of the Platte river. At six o'clock, camped on the banks of the South Fork of the river, five miles above the lower crossing, where we found plenty of wood and water. We have been traveling to-day over a broken sandy prairie, and made nineteen miles.

Wednesday, May 22.—Great storm of wind and rain last night, making the roads clear of dust, but a strong head wind to contend with. This morning we started by four o'clock, traveled six miles and camped for breakfast; still traveling up the bottom of the South Fork of the Platte. This morning we had a stampede of cattle in

yokes, caused by Mr. Wicks, of O'Neal's company, riding by our teams on a horse in a canter. Our road to-day, for a great portion of the way, lay over a level sandy soil, running near the sand bluffs. At six o'clock we arrived at a running stream of water, found good grass but no wood, and camped here for the night. Our train consists of seven wagons, five from New Albany and two from Louisville. Traveled to-day twenty miles.

Thursday, May 23.—Cooked our breakfast this morning with buffalo chips, which is the only fuel we have, and were ready to leave by six o'clock. Saw to-day large droves of buffaloes on the opposite side of the river, numbering from three to four hundred. At twelve o'clock stopped to noon, found grass six inches high, and turned our cattle out to graze. Weather very warm, and not a cloud to be seen in the heavens, nor a shrub or tree on the plains over which we have traveled to-day. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the upper crossing of the South Fork of the Platte, where we found good grass and camped for the night. Traveled to-day over good level road twenty miles.

Friday, May 24.—All got our breakfasts by five o'clock, and reached the ford at the upper crossing in about an hour. Having made a mark last night I found that the river was falling and that we could cross without much difficulty. The river is about three-quarters of a mile wide and about two feet deep, being at times up to our after axles while crossing with our wagons. Our wagons all passed safely over and were ready to march into the train by seven o'clock. Here we filled our casks with water, it being twenty-three miles to the next watering place. The road here for five miles is over a high rolling prairie, with heavy sloughs; grass and other vegetation thin and short. At twelve o'clock, having traveled some twelve miles and nooned on the open prairie, we watered our cattle and rested till one o'clock; we found no grass here whatever; the soil is very poor, and were soon on our way, we traveled some three hours when we arrived at the head of Ash Hollow; we descended into it down a steep precipice, some seventy-five feet, where our wagons

had to be let down with ropes. We took all the steers out from the wagon but one yoke, then locked the hind wheels and went down very snugly. This Hollow descends into a valley of the North Fork of the Platte river, through a pass known as Ash Hollow; we traveled down the valley some 2½ miles, where we found a good spring of cold water, which was a great luxury to all; and at ½ past five o'clock we all got safe through the valley, when we arrived at the North Fork of the Platte, a stream in appearance as large as the Ohio opposite New Albany. Here we encamped for the night, found plenty of good wood and water, but no grass. I saw wild currant and gooseberry bushes near the mouth of the Hollow. Traveled to-day twenty-three miles over a rough road.

Saturday, May 25.—We rolled out this morning at three o'clock, traveled three hours over a heavy sandy road, into which the wheels of our wagons sunk some eight or ten inches, passed on the road this morning some twelve wigwams of the Sioux tribe, the first we have seen since leaving the Minewah. At six o'clock found grass sufficient for our cattle, stopped and got our breakfast and grazed two hours. This morning it was so cold I had to put on my big blanket coat and yarn gloves, a severe wind blowing from the north and very cloudy; the clouds do not look more than fifty feet above our heads. These, however, soon broke away, and gave place to a broiling hot sun. While stopping for dinner, we were visited by some twelve Indians, the substance of whose remarks was "how-do-whiske," that is they want whiskey. At four o'clock arrived at an Indian village of some two hundred fifty inhabitants of the Sioux tribe. After traveling some three miles further, we encountered a violent sandstorm, which the boys call a part of the elephant; we encamped for the night, formed our guard and turned our cattle loose with yokes on; the storm however soon passed over. It is in such storms as these that stampedes generally occur, though we managed to save our cattle without any difficulty. To-day traveled sixteen miles.

Sunday, May 26.—Left our encampment this morning at four o'clock, found the roads considerably better than yesterday, caused

by the heavy shower of rain last night, which made the sand more compact; we traveled some four hours then came to for the day on the banks of the North Fork of the Platte on the south side. The Platte presents the same features as below the forks. Its width is not so great, but still a wider stream than the Ohio. To-day's travel eight miles.

Monday, May 27.—All safe in camp, and in fine spirits and health. We were rolling out by four o'clock this morning when the wind commenced blowing from the north and turned suddenly very cold, which caused us to gather our blanket coats close around us; we traveled till seven o'clock, encamped for our breakfast. To-day we have been in sight, most of the time, of low scrubby pine on the high bluffs to our left, I suppose ten or twelve miles from the road. At six o'clock encamped for the night in sight of the Courthouse rock, which appears to be within three miles of you, but is really twelve. Traveled to-day nineteen miles.

Tuesday, May 28.—Left camp this morning at three o'clock, traveled three hours, came to good water and halted to get our breakfast. At eight o'clock we arrived opposite the Courthouse rock, about five miles distant. It has much the appearance at this distance, of the courthouse at Louisville. At four o'clock camped for the night on the banks of the Platte, about two miles from the Chimney Rock. This remarkable curiosity has been in sight of us ever since yesterday at twelve o'clock. It derives its name from the resemblance it bears to a chimney. It is seven hundred feet in height, and in a clear day can be seen at a distance of forty miles. It is composed of soft white sandstone. The violent storms that have raged in this region have worn it into this shape. The column that represents the chimney is crumbling away and fast disappearing. Thousands of persons who have passed here during the last year have engraved their names upon it. Soon after we encamped, darkness began to thicken around us, the elements had an angry appearance, the muttering thunder announced that a violent storm was approaching, and in about an hour the rain began to pour down in

torrents, accompanied with a terrible wind from the north, so we locked both wheels and all hands were called upon to tend the cattle lest there might be a stampede; in the course of five hours it cleared off and the moon was shining brightly. Traveled to-day twenty miles.

Wednesday, May 29.—We turned our cattle out to graze this morning at two o'clock, there being good grass and plenty of it, and hearing that we had to make twenty-two miles to-day without finding grass or water. We started by six o'clock, the roads this morning being very muddy and slippery after the hard rain last night. We find the roads strewed with "Flora sisters of the sod." Traveled to-day five hours found plenty of good grass, but no water, stopped to graze our cattle for two hours. Our oxen as well as ourselves, suffer much from the effects of buffalo gnats, which are very numerous in this country. After dinner we passed some ten ox teams under way who had started four days ahead of us from St. Joe. At six o'clock arrived at the foot of Scott's bluff, it derives its name, as I have been informed by a trader, who has been through here several times, from a noted mountaineer named Scott; he was seized with disease here and died, and was buried on the bluff. Here we found good grass but no water, and encamped for the night. Traveled to-day twenty-four miles.

Thursday, May 30.—Turned our cattle out at two o'clock to let them graze for a couple of hours. By four o'clock we were under way in fine style. We stopped for breakfast at Robidoux's trading post; here we found a good spring of water, but grass scarce. We have been traveling up a deep valley for a number of miles after we had reached the extreme height of the bluffs, and from it we could see the first view of Laramie's peak, at a distance of one hundred fifty miles. As we descended the ridge we traveled over a barren country, broken by deep chasms and sloughs, hollowed out by the winds and water. At twelve o'clock noon about ten miles this side of the trading post, found poor grass and no water. When we passed the trading post this morning Mr. Jamison, a Methodist preacher from Kentucky, who was accidentally shot by

his own pistol, some time since, was much worse and not expected to live, and I learn from a mule train that passed there about ten o'clock, that he had died from the effects of the wound this morning. His family were all with him. At two o'clock traveled some two hours and came to a running stream of water called Horse Creek, here we watered our cattle and drove on some four miles, found good grass and turned our cattle out to graze. Here we cooked our suppers with buffalo chips. Supper over we traveled some two hours and camped for the night. Made to-day twenty-three miles over a good road.

Friday, May 31.—I was put on guard last night from twelve till four and had orders by our captain to turn all hands out by two o'clock to make an early start. By three o'clock we were on our way rejoicing, and before the sun had risen we had left some eighty teams in our rear. At six o'clock we encamped on the south side of the north Platte, leaving it at Scott's bluff until we arrived here. The Platte river, which we have been ascending for a number of days has dwindled down to an insignificant stream, it being here not more than one hundred yards wide. Very warm day, and nothing to break the sun's rays but our wagons. At eleven o'clock found good grass and turned our cattle out to graze for two hours. Passed many wagons abandoned and destroyed. At four o'clock encamped for the night on the banks of the North Fork of the Platte, some four miles from Fort Laramie. To-day's travel twenty-two miles.

I here close my "inklings" of the past eighteen days. You must excuse all errors, as I write seated upon a bucket, with a board on my knees, a candle in a lantern, with the wind blowing, and extremely cold.

WEAVERSVILLE, Cal., Sept. 11th, 1850.

Saturday, June 1.—A clear sky and a pleasant morning. We were off by four o'clock, and after traveling for about an hour over a hilly road, came to a running stream of muddy water called Laramie River, about one hundred yards wide, which we crossed with our

teams, the water being up to the after axle. Fort Laramie lays on this stream, about one mile from its junction with the Platte. It is a great trading post, and has about twenty houses enclosed by a wall. It is very pleasantly located. The latitude of the Fort is 42° 12′ 13″; longitude 104° 11′ 53″; its altitude above the level of the ocean four thousand feet, and is in the midst of a beautiful plain. There are a number of mountain traders here, not rich, but having a fine prospect of accumulating fortunes. They are as keen on a trade as any Yankee wooden-nutmeg or clock pedlar you may meet with in the States. I will give you some of their prices: Sugar 25 cents per lb., bacon sides 18c, hams 25c, flour $18 per cwt., loaf-bread 50 cts. per loaf, whiskey one dollar per quart, brandy $18 per gallon, &c., &c. After leaving here we begin to cross the Black Hills, and find rough roads, high ridges, and generally a barren country. At five o'clock in the evening we encamped for the night on the North Fork of the Platte, where we leave it and do not again strike it for eighty miles. We traveled to-day fourteen miles.

Sunday, June 2.—We left camp this morning at four o'clock and for three hours traveled over rough, rocky ridges. At seven o'clock we encamped for breakfast, having plenty of good wood and water. At eleven o'clock we were within a few miles of Laramie's Peak, which has been visible for several days. The top of the Peak is covered with snow and presents a most beautiful appearance. At four o'clock this afternoon we met four mule teams from the Salt Lake, which had been out six weeks. They report plenty of grass, wood, and water all the way through. They met the first train of emigrants at the Valley. At five P. M. we encamped for the night on the side of a high bluff, having traveled this day twenty miles.

Monday, June 3.—We rolled out this morning at three o'clock, after a severe storm of rain and hail, making the road very slippery for our cattle. At noon we stopped some two hours in a deep valley, where we found good grass and water. Here Mr. Burgange, of Louisville, caught up with our train. At four P. M., we were compelled to stop on account of the violence of a storm of wind, rain, and hail,

the weather as cold as the month of January in the States. As soon as the violence of the storm subsided, we again proceeded to our present camp, as wet as drowned rats. The boys say this is a brush of the elephant's tail. We made twenty miles to-day over a rough road.

Tuesday, June 4.—Two months from home, sweet home, and all safe in camp, in fine health and spirits. The morning was cold enough to wrap ourselves up in our blankets. After partaking of a hearty breakfast we take our station in an ox train some three miles in length. At ten o'clock we came to a stream of running water, still in view of the snow-capped Peak of Laramie, which looks within five miles of you, but is in reality fifty. At four o'clock we stopped for the night, cooking our supper with sage brush. Here we coupled our wagon sixteen inches shorter, which makes a difference in running equal to two yoke of cattle. Traveled to-day nineteen miles over hills and rough roads.

Wednesday, June 5.—We gathered our blanket coats about us, and were off into train by four o'clock. This morning we came to a small stream of clear water called A La Prele. We also met a Mormon train five days out from the Great Salt Lake. Fouche-Bois is the name of a small river which we crossed, the current of which is very rapid. We again came to the North Fork of the Platte, traveled up it about five miles, and encamped for the night at Deer Creek, where we found wood and water, but no grass. To-day we made twenty-two miles over hilly roads.

Thursday, June 6.—Left our encampment at three o'clock and at four passed five wagons from New Albany in camp. At seven we stopped for breakfast on the banks of the Platte, about twenty-five miles from the upper ferry, where we learn there are nine hundred wagons waiting to cross. The sun was oppressively hot, and we stopped at one o'clock at Crooked Muddy creek, a very difficult place to cross with a wagon. We again stopped for the night on the banks of the Platte, having traveled sixteen miles.

Friday, June 7.—We were on the road by six o'clock, having taken our breakfast before starting. At ten A. M., we reached the ferry and found about two hundred wagons ahead of us. We waited till evening before it came to our turn. It requires but a very short time to cross. There are three boats constantly running, which take nothing but the wagons, leaving the animals to swim the river. The fare for ferrying a wagon is four dollars. At three o'clock we arrived over in safety, yoked up our cattle, traveled four miles further, found good grass, pitched our tents for the night, cooked our supper with wild sage and buffalo chips, having made sixteen miles. Having found, however, that we should have to go twenty-eight miles further before we could find water for our cattle, we concluded to make a short drive after night. The water on this part of our route, for some thirty miles, is strongly alkaline, and kills all the cattle that drink it.

Saturday, June 8.—After a night of sound sleep, we found ourselves on the road by three o'clock, passing some sixty teams. We found grass but no water, and the weather being very hot and the road dusty, our cattle suffered considerably. At eleven o'clock we reached a place called Rock Avenue, steep descent, and gave our cattle some water which we had brought with us from the Platte. The poor animals were almost ready to drop dead from fatigue and thirst. Our drive to-day has been over undulating plains, covered with a thick growth of wild sage, but containing no grass whatever. The soil and water of the country through which we are now traveling are impregnated with alkali, salt, and sulphur, rendering water dangerous and unfit for use. I saw to-day sixteen skeletons of cattle that had died last year from drinking this alkaline water, all within two steps of one another. At one o'clock we arrived at a running stream of pure cold water, which was a cheering sight to both ourselves and cattle. After a heavy drag of seven hours over rocky roads and under a scorching sun, we all partook freely of the pure and welcome beverage. At five o'clock we encamped for the night on the summit of Prospect Hill. Here I caught the first glimpse of the Sweet Water mountains. From here we can see a week's travel

in advance of us, and the Sweet Water mountains raising their bold, rocky faces at the distance of sixty miles. To-day we made twenty-four miles.

Sunday, June 9.—We rolled out this morning at three o'clock, and arrived at our present encampment at two P. M. We are now on the banks of the Sweet Water river, a small stream of clear water, twenty yards wide, with a very swift current. The country is quite barren and grass very short; no wood, even for culinary purposes, our substitute for which is wild sage and buffalo chips. Near this point are several small lakes, the water of which has evaporated, leaving deposits or incrustations of carbonate of soda. They resemble ponds of frozen water. Several trains of emigrants have here supplied themselves with saleratus for culinary purposes. Traveled to-day sixteen miles.

Monday, June 10.—Left our encampment this morning at three o'clock, and after an hour's travel came to the Independence Rock. This is the greatest curiosity I have seen on the route. It is composed of pure granite, covers at its base about one hundred acres, and is two hundred and fifty feet in height.—Several thousand names are engraved and painted on this rock. At seven o'clock we rolled out in company—Richey and Woodfill, R. R. Stevens & Co., Burgange & Co., and Sawdon & Co., of Ky. We are in sight of the mountains on the left, covered with snow. Ten o'clock brought us to a point called the Devil's Gate, a remarkable fissure in the Rocky Mountain wall. Here the Sweet Water river passes between perpendicular rocks four hundred feet high. The fissure is about fifty feet in breadth, and the height of the walls from the top to the bottom is upwards of four hundred and fifty feet. The mountains at our present encampment, (just above the Gate, on the banks of the Sweet Water) are plainly to be seen, being covered with snow. We traveled to-day ten miles over a good road.

Tuesday, June 11.—Troubled all last night with the jaw ache and this morning find my face swollen as big as a peck measure, but able to do duty at breakfast. Our journey this day was still in the

valley of the Sweet Water, having traveled up it some fifty miles; the country is quite barren, though it is better here than we have seen since leaving Fort Laramie. Traveled twenty miles to-day on a loose, sandy road, and somewhat hilly. It is astonishing how ox teams can travel. They will pass now twenty miles per day with more ease than they would sixteen the day we left the Bluffs. Their feet have been very sore, but traveling in the hot sand has greatly improved them.

Wednesday, June 12.—We were up and on our way by five o'clock this morning, and found our blanket coats very comfortable. At ten we arrived at the second crossing of the Sweet Water river, and finding it too high to ford, we took our provisions out of our wagon, and stretching a rope across the river, we ferried our things across in a little less than no time. By one o'clock we had repaired our loss and got our dinners. After traveling about a mile up the bank of the river, we came to another crossing, where we again had to ferry. Here we were compelled to carry all our things by hand a quarter of a mile over a cliff of rocks and through a pass barely large enough for one person to rub through. We took the running gears of our wagon all apart, and ferried them up the river on our bed, by means of a long rope stretching some distance up the river; after which we carried them up by hand before the rocky pass. We got our things safely over by six o'clock, all of us pretty well tired out. In an hour we had all our goods re-packed, and traveled some five miles by moonlight to make up for lost time, having, by taking this course, cut off some eight miles of deep sandy road on the old route. Mr. Lindley and his train had crossed the river just before us, and after driving up to the pass and taking a view of the "elephant," concluded to go back and take the old road. At eleven o'clock we encamped for the night in a large ravine, where we found good grass and water. Here we saw several Indian wigwams in the distance, of the Snake and Crow tribes. Came to-day eighteen miles.

Thursday, June 13.—We got our breakfast by five o'clock, and at seven reached the fourth crossing of the Sweet Water river.

Here we were blessed with a much better crossing than either of the others. We drove our teams in and found the river in fine style, the water being up to the beds of our wagon, but which having been wet the day before, were now perfectly tight. Here we leave the Sweet Water for twenty miles, in which distance there is no water; we therefore filled our kegs. We now descended a high hill from the river, Mr. Lindley's train being just in advance of us. At five in the evening we came to the fifth crossing of Sweet Water, which we forded without difficulty, the water being up to our axles. At seven o'clock we encamped for the night in a deep ravine, the poorest place for grass we have found on the whole route. Traveled to-day twenty-four miles.

Friday, June 14.—We rolled out this morning by six o'clock, the weather being as cold as a January morning. In a couple of hours we again struck the Sweet Water, where we found tolerable grass, and turned our cattle out to graze. After having hitched up and traveling for about an hour we once more struck the Sweet Water, which seemed to haunt us as an evil genius. On leaving the river, we travel over miserable, rough, rocky roads, very dangerous to wagons. At twelve we passed Lindley nooning in a ravine, and in an hour after stopped ourselves. The weather to-day is very disagreeable, a violent cold wind blowing from the north. The mountains on our right, which I suppose to be some twenty miles distant, and which are about six thousand feet above the pass, are covered with snow; and what is more astonishing is, that there is snow now in the valley, within view. Yesterday, while stopping at noon, I was on a bank of snow in the Sweet Water valley from eight to twelve feet deep. We traveled on till five o'clock, and encamped for the night on the banks of a small stream of running water called Strawberry Creek. We made sixteen miles to-day.

Saturday, June 15.—Cold, with a violent wind blowing from the snowy mountains, rendering the atmosphere raw and uncomfortable. We all rose shivering from our slumbers this morning. We found ice to the thickness of half an inch in our water buckets. Ready

for a start by six o'clock, and after traveling six miles, came to Sweet Water, which we forded and traveled up its valley till eleven o'clock, where, finding good grass, we stopped. At one we were again on our way, still descending the slope of the mountains, the air as cold as in the depth of winter at home. At six we halted, found good grass, and grazed our cattle. We are now in about two miles of the summit of the dividing ridge between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. It being a beautiful night, we concluded to go through the pass by moonlight. At nine o'clock we arrived at the Pacific Springs, traveled through the pass for an hour over a good road, and encamped for the night at the Springs, having made to-day nineteen miles.

Sunday, June 16.—We were up by sunrise, but concluded to stop here till two o'clock in the afternoon, finding good grass and our cattle needing rest. Here we found four wagons from New Albany. At two we yoked up, having a drive of twenty-four miles before again coming to grass and water. In a few minutes we came to Pacific Creek, where we filled our kegs with water. We rolled on some four hours, and, contrary to expectation, finding good grass, we struck our tents for the night. Distance to-day twelve miles.

Monday, June 17.—Shoved out this morning at five o'clock, amid a violent snow storm, traveled on till ten o'clock, when we reached the forks of the two roads—the one to the right taking you to Sublette's Cut-off or Fort Hall, and that to the left to the Great Salt Lake. Here we parted with our old friend Alexander O'Neil, he taking the Cut-off and we the Salt Lake route. I was personally in favor of the former route, but a majority of our company deciding otherwise, we struck off on the Salt Lake road. From the appearance of the two roads, I should suppose that nine-tenths of the wagons had taken the Cut-off. At eleven o'clock we turned our cattle out to graze about two miles from the junction of the two roads, in company with Rowley, Shindler, and McBride. At five o'clock we encamped for the night four miles from Little Sandy river. We found no grass for our cattle, but turned them out to rest. Traveled to-day over a good, though somewhat sandy road, twenty-one miles.

Tuesday, June 18.—We were off by four o'clock, and in about six miles reached the Big Sandy, a fine stream about three feet deep and thirty yards wide, which empties into the Green or Colorado river. The mirage has deceived us several times to-day. While worn with travel and thirsting for water, there might be seen, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and then in front, representations of large rivers, lakes and streams of pure water; but as we would advance in the direction whence they would appear, they would recede or fade away, leaving nothing to view but the barren desert and the blighted hopes of the weary traveler. At five o'clock, finding good grass, we encamped for the night, having made twenty miles.

Wednesday, June 19.—Left camp this morning at six o'clock, traveled some five hours, and struck the bank of Green river. This is a very fine stream of water, emptying into the Gulf of California. It is from seventy-five to one hundred yards wide and from four to five feet deep. The channel is very swift, and as far as we traveled on its banks, there was considerable timber, such as cottonwood and willow. The bed of the channel is composed of coarse gravel. On our arrival at the ferry, we found a variety of contrivances for ferrying. As the boats were small and a large number ahead of us, we concluded to ferry ourselves with the bed of our wagons. So we all went to work in good earnest and by six o'clock in the afternoon got over safe. In half an hour we had our provisions repacked in our wagons and our suppers ready. Left Lindley's train crossing the river in their wagon beds. We traveled on a couple of hours by moonlight and encamped on the banks of Green river. Warm enough to-day to go without overcoats. Made seventeen miles.

Thursday, June 20.—Up this morning by sunrise, all in good health and getting along finely. The morning is disagreeably cold and we are again compelled to don our blanket coats. We nooned to-day some six miles from the banks of Green river, where the road leaves the river in a deep ravine. Found grass abundant. After a drive of ten miles we came to a beautiful stream called Black's Fork,

whose waters are cold and limpid; it is a tributary of Green river, but no wood grows upon it—our fuel consisting of wild sage, which is an excellent substitute for wood. Far to the left of us are the Utah mountains, whose lofty summits are covered with snow, presenting to the eye a wintry scene on midsummer day. Distance to-day twenty miles.

Friday, June 21.—The sun rose beautifully this morning, and we were off by six o'clock. An hour's journeying brought us to another tributary of Green river, called Ham's Fork, which we forded, the beds of our wagons having to be raised six inches on account of the depth of the water. We all got over safely, however; and after four hours' travel under a hot sun, stopped for dinner by the side of a high bluff on the banks of Black's Fork. The scenery along our route for the most part of the day has been quite interesting. The high bluffs which border the valley through which our route lays, are worn, by the action of the elements, into almost every conceivable shape. We traveled till five o'clock through hot sun and dust, and struck our tents for the night near a high bluff or Nature's figure of architecture. Distance to-day twenty-two miles.

Saturday, June 22.—We traveled sixteen miles to-day under a broiling sun and over a dusty road, without finding a drop of water for our cattle. At eleven o'clock we arrived at Fort Ridger,* where we found several streams of pure cold water, which was quite refreshing to ourselves and cattle. Fort Ridger is a small trading post, with six or seven log cabins, bearing a faint resemblance to houses. It lies in a beautiful valley, which produces the finest of grass and in great abundance. Here we halted for three hours, ourselves requiring rest and our cattle food, having traveled over a desert wild for the last six hours, with scarcely a green shrub to relieve the dreariness of the prospect. On resuming our journey, our route lay along the base of a mountain, the top of which is covered with snow and the foot with the most beautiful verdure. We traveled to-day twenty-two miles.

*Probably Bridger is meant.

Sunday, June 23.—A clear day, and we took advantage of it to make an early start. For six hours we traveled over rough, rocky roads, and through narrow passes in the mountains, extremely dangerous for wagons. At eleven o'clock we reached the summit of a high mountain, the altitude of this ridge being seven thousand three hundred and fifteen feet above the level of the ocean. Descending, we found good grass in a deep ravine, where we stopped for dinner. On resuming our journey, we traveled till five o'clock over rough, rocky ascents, very steep and crooked. We encamped for the night between the waters of the Colorado and the Great Basin, about three miles from Bear river, having made to-day twenty miles over the most miserable of roads.

Monday, June 24.—After an early breakfast and an hour's travel, we reached Bear River and struck the ford, but finding the water too deep and rising fast, we unpacked our wagons and ferried with the beds. Bear River is about fifty yards wide, with a very swift current; the water is clear and cold, and foaming and dashing over a bed of rough rocks, which makes it dangerous to the cattle in crossing. The banks of the stream are thinly timbered with small willow and cottonwood. The bottom, varying in width from two to three miles, is very fertile, being covered with fine grass and an abundance of wild strawberries. I also noticed some beautiful forest flowers, and among others geraniums. The country through which we had been traveling the twenty-four hours before reaching Bear River presented a most woe-begone appearance. Lofty mountains beset us on every side. We have been ascending high ridges, many of which are very steep, crooked, and narrow. The mountains are very different from what I had pictured them in my mind. I expected to find them heavy timbered, but such is not the case, they being perfectly destitute of wood. Some are formed of earth, some of loose rocks, and even some of solid stone. But I must resume my diary. We all got safely over the river by twelve o'clock, ate our dinner, and were again on the road in less than an hour. For more than three hours we toiled up a lofty summit ridge. At five o'clock

we struck tents for the night on the banks of Yellow creek, at the foot of a rocky bluff. To-day we only made twelve miles.

Tuesday, June 25.—We commenced our pilgrimage to the golden Ophir this morning by ascending a lofty ridge, which occupied two hours of our time, and one hour more in descending. Many persons are passing us on pack mules and horses. I have also seen a great number on foot, with their packs on their backs. But in my opinion ox teams are the best. We get along more comfortably, and I believe will make the trip from point to point as soon as the mules or horses. We turned our cattle out to graze on the banks of Echo Creek, where we found an abundance of grass. On resuming our journey, our way lay down a narrow pass, completely hedged in on each side with high mountains. After crossing Echo creek, Richey & Co.'s wagon upset and spilt out their "plunder," but doing no other damage. Here the passage between the mountain ranges becomes narrow and choked up with immense masses of rock and other obstructions, which had rolled down from the summit, affording us but little room to pass with our cattle and wagons. Near the mountains we observed the snow lying in drifts in some places eight feet in depth, on which the sun shines all day. The air is much colder at our present elevation than in the valleys. At six o'clock we encamped in the cañon, with high mountains on each side of us. Distance to-day twenty miles.

Wednesday, June 26.—We got our breakfast this morning by five o'clock, and by six were ready to march into train. A couple of hours brought us to the Red Fork of Weber River, down the banks of which we traveled several miles, which brought us to Weber river Fork. Here we attempted to ford the stream, but finding the current too swift and the water too deep, were compelled to ferry over with our wagon beds, which disagreeable job we accomplished with safety. Weber River enpties into the Great Salt Lake. We stopped on the banks of this stream for dinner and for rest, as the task of ferrying over is always a tiresome one to both men and animals. Shortly after resuming our journey for the afternoon, we came to another

difficult pass in the mountains called Pratt's Pass. Three o'clock brought us to the summit of a high ridge, the ascent to which is most beautiful. As we leave this summit the tug of war commences. We travel down sides of mountains which present the most gloomy aspect upon which a human being ever gazed. The road is an awful one, and many of the boys think we are in full view of the "elephant." Six o'clock brought us to our present camp by the side of a large spring of clear, cold water, lofty mountains raising their majestic heads high towards the clouds on each side of us. Here the pass is so narrow and deep that the rays of the sun never penetrate to the bottom. The scene is one of grandeur, but at the same time, one of solemnity and loneliness, which pains one as he contemplates it. We are eighteen miles nearer El Dorado this evening than we were last.

Thursday, June 27.—We have traveled six hours this forenoon over a road still more rugged than that of yesterday, and are still in a deep, narrow pass of the mountains. At twelve o'clock we came to a swift running stream called Kenyon Creek. This Creek we were compelled to cross thirteen different times. The road here is difficult almost beyond conception. The bushes are thick and high, and the beaten track through them extremely narrow, in consequence of which wagon covers are liable to be torn and bows broken. Some of the crossings are miserably bad and almost impossible for our cattle to ford them; the water is some five feet deep and the current so swift that it is with the greatest difficulty they can keep their footing. Stopped for dinner on the banks of Kenyon Creek, and in about two hours' travel arrived at the foot of the highest mountain we have crossed in the whole journey. We ascended it some four miles, being very rough and tedious, mostly through high timber and short stumps, which render it very difficult to pass. From this (Kenyon) Creek to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, is decidedly the worst piece of road we have had on our jounrey. At six o'clock we reached the summit of this gigantic mountain, the altitude of which is 7,245 feet above the level of the sea. From here we have a fine view of the south part of the Salt Lake valley. The mountain

adjoining is covered with snow to the depth of eight feet. At seven o'clock we encamped for the night in a deep ravine, down to which we have been traveling for an hour, the road being so thickly covered with dust that you cannot see the forward cattle more than half the time. The road here lays through a forest of timber, and wagons are liable to be upset. Sixteen miles is the extent of our journey to-day.

Friday, June 28.—A clear morning, and all up and on our journey by sunrise. We traveled six hours down a narrow ravine which leads to the valley of the Salt Lake, over the most miserable road ever traveled by civilized man. About five o'clock in the afternoon we entered the valley of the Salt Lake. Here we encamped for the night, about two miles from the Mormon City. Traveled to-day fifteen miles.

Saturday, June 29.—We had a slight rain this morning, which, however, soon blew over. Left camp at six o'clock, and in an hour reached the Great City of the Salt Lake. Here we saw our old friend David Anderson. The Salt Lake city is situated within three miles of the mountains which enclose the eastern side of the valley; within two miles of the Utah outlet, and twenty-one of the Salt Lake. The houses of the city are principally built of logs. Some few, however, which serve as the dwellings of the aristocracy, are built of sundried brick, covered with mud, and one-story high. The land gradually slopes from the mountain, and is of a black, loose, sandy nature. A stream of water issues from the mountain east of the city, and divides into two branches, both of which pass through the city to the outlet. The water is good and cold. The air of the city and vicinity is pure, being sweetened by the healthy breeze from the Salt Lake. Grass in the vicinity is plenty and good, and the passes in the neighboring mountains afford an abundance of good timber, mostly balsam or fir. The valley is fifty miles in length and twenty-five miles wide. On the east and west it is bounded by beautiful high mountains. One o'clock, P. M., brought us to the Hot Sulphur Springs. These Springs break out in two different places and are of

much interest; they are located about two miles west of the city, and boil up in a manner impossible for me to describe. The surrounding region bears evident marks of volcanic eruptions. We encamped at two o'clock, about eight miles south of the city, where we found an abundance of grass for our cattle. Here we had the best supper we have eaten since leaving sweet home—light biscuit, fresh butter, hot coffee, milk, and broiled ham. Butter here is worth 75 cents per lb.; milk 50 cts. per gallon; meat 75 cts. per lb, &c. A wagon such as can be purchased at home for $120, is here worth five hundred, and other articles in proportion. In consequence of our delay at the Salt Lake city, and stopping so early in the afternoon, we made only twelve miles to-day.

Sunday, June 30.—A bright, sunny morning; the air is rendered pure, fresh, and sweet by the breezes from the Great Salt Lake. It has been truly said that man was made to mourn, but still there are some bright spots in the pathway of human life. This morning, from some cause, I hardly know what, I felt happier than usual; possibly because it was a Sabbath morn, around which so many sweet recollections are clustered, and which ever begets a sentiment of peity and devotion even in those who seldom turn their thoughts to the Great Future, where all is mystery; and it is here, in the valley of the Salt Lake, in view of a city whose people are the votaries of a strange faith and, as I believe, a false one; here, where we are far, far removed from the sweet sounds of the bell which heralds the advent of the day of rest; it is here that a feeling of deep devotion and reverence for sacred things almost involuntarily steals over us and carries us back to those days of childhood when the first lessons in religion were implanted in our hearts by a fond and pious mother. Whether it was such a feeling as this, or one of thankfulness that we had got thus far on our journey safely after so many hardships and difficulties, I know not, but certain it is my spirits were much more buoyant this morning than their wont since the commencement of this hazardous journey. But I am digressing, and must resume my record of passing events. The grass in this place being abundant, and having a number of chores to do, we concluded to spend the

Sabbath at our present encampment. Some of the boys, accordingly, went to washing their clothes; some to cutting their wagon-beds down for the purpose of making them lighter; and others to double-teaming with one another. Rowley and Shindler have dissolved; Rowley has joined our mess, and Shindler that of Saunders & Co., of Kentucky. Their wagon was too heavy for their cattle, and they were fearful of not being able to get safely through unless they did so. Our present camp is in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, distant about two miles from the Lake. The shore next to us as far as the eye can reach is perfectly white with salt. Numerous mountainous islands, their peaks rising high above the surface, are to be seen, apparently not more than five miles distant, but really thirty. In the afternoon I took a stroll over the mountains some six miles to our right, the snow on the tops of which is ten feet deep.

Monday, July 1.—The sun rose clear this morning, there not being a cloud visible in the horizon to obscure its brightness. Neither is a breath of air stirring. The morning scene is most beautiful, the tall islands which peer up from the bosom of the lake throwing their shadows for miles around. After so long a rest, we all resumed our journey this morning with bright hopes for the future. We traveled on at the rate of two miles an hour until about eleven o'clock, when we stopped for dinner in the neighborhood of Blooming Grove, where we found excellent water and grass. The sun shone oppressively hot during the middle of the day, and, together with the clouds of dust we had to encounter, made traveling very disagreeable. At five o'clock we arrived at a mountain stream of fine water, and finding an abundance of grass, we struck our tent for the night, having made eighteen miles to-day over a good road.

Tuesday, June 2.—The morning was cloudy, with a slight breeze blowing from the north. We proceeded at the rate of two and a half miles an hour over the dustiest road we have yet encountered, the dust being over our boot tops—shoes out of the question. At ten o'clock we reached the ferry of Weber river, and found about twenty wagons ahead of us. It was one o'clock before we got over

the river, the ferriage being four dollars. We journeyed on some four hours longer, when we encamped for the night. Distance to-day twenty-two miles.

Wednesday, July 3.—A charming morning, the weather clear and cool, and the wind fresh and fair. At six o'clock we left our encampment, still traveling down the valley of the Salt Lake. During the forenoon we passed the Hot Springs, the water boiling up in a manner which to be realized must be seen. The mountains here appear to have been thrown up by the action of volcanic fires. Our course now lay down the valley in a southwest direction. We nooned on the banks of a noble mountain stream, the water of which was most deliciously clear, pure, and cold—doubly grateful on such days as these, when the sun beats down on our heads with such intensity. On resuming our journey in the afternoon, our cattle suffered greatly from the scorching rays of the sun, and the dust with which the roads are covered to the depth, in many places, of ten inches. We struck our tents for the night on the banks of Box Elder creek, a mountain stream of pure cold water. Made to-day twenty miles over roads dusty, but otherwise good.

Thursday, July 4.—The day never to be forgotten. The sun rose clear, and the beautiful grove in which we were encamped was made musical with the notes of the feathered tribe, apparently rejoicing with us on the anniversary of Freedom's birth-day. We had consulted together the previous evening, and resolved to celebrate the day as customary at home, so far as we had the ability to do so. Having saved a variety of nicknacks for the occasion, at about eight o'clock a procession was formed, which marched around our delightful grove of box elder, where a salute was fired. Upon returning to camp, the Declaration of Independence was read by our mess mate Frost, of Ky. At ten o'clock dinner was served up by our steward appointed "expressly for the occasion," and an excellent one it was too. Dinner over, toasts suitable to the occasion were drank, a salute of fire-arms accompanying each sentiment. Patriotic and sentimental songs were sung, and on the whole I have no doubt

the Glorious Fourth was celebrated with as much spirit and zeal in this far distant valley as in our own State. [With a great deal more, we think.—*Pub.*] The scenes of this day are engraven upon our memories and we will often recall them to mind in the far off clime to which we are journeying. The ceremonies and festivities of the day concluded, we resumed our march and continued till ten o'clock in the evening, having lessened the distance between ourselves and the land of promise twelve miles.

Friday, July 5.—This morning we were on our journey by four o'clock, and in three hours reached a beautiful mountain stream called Bear River, which we were compelled to ferry with our wagon beds. We got safely over by one o'clock and concluded to remain here till five, having to cross a desert of twenty-five miles, destitute of water or grass. We traveled four hours by star-light, but finding it very disagreeable, we halted for the night. This place is infested with millions of mosquitoes. It can beat New Orleans by long odds in this respect. There is no rest either day or night.

Saturday, July 6.—Traveled six hours this forenoon over a rugged, dusty road, our tongues parched for want of water. At ten o'clock we arrived at the springs where we expected to find water for ourselves and cattle, but were disappointed, they being hot springs, and the water brackish and disagreeable to the taste. Finding good grass, however, we remained here two hours. Being almost choked with thirst, and having a drive of thirteen miles before reaching water, we yoked up our cattle as soon as possible and resumed our journey. Seven hours, which appeared as so many days, brought us to a spring of pure, cold water, with which we refreshed ourselves and cattle. Here we encamped for the night, after having made twenty-five miles over a rocky road.

Sunday, July 7.—Left camp this morning at six o'clock and found the weather cold enough for blanket coats. Our New Albany friends Thomas S. Kunkle and Christopher Fox, took breakfast with us this morning. They had left their teams at the Salt Lake and were packing through on horseback. They look well, are in fine spirits,

and expect to go through in thirty days. Our friends journeyed with us for a few hours, when we parted, with the hope of meeting in the land of our common destination. We stopped for noon at a creek of running water too brackish for use, and were compelled to make a still further drive of twelve miles before finding suitable water for drinking. This was at the Pilot Springs; no grass, however, is found here. A cold wind having commenced blowing from the north, we gathered our coats about us and encamped for the night, having made twenty-three miles over good roads, but a most desolate region for those two necessary articles for a sojourner over the plains —water and grass.

Monday, July 8.—The weather last night having been too cold for mosquitoes, we all slept soundly till four o'clock, when we aroused from our grassy couches, partook of our hasty meals with a most hearty good will, and resumed our journey over a good but somewhat crooked road. Our course to-day lay up a magnificent valley, walled in on all sides with lofty spiral mountains, covered with snow. At this point the valley is about a hundred miles in length and twenty in breadth, and somewhat sloping. Here we found a large spring, affording a sufficiency of water to turn the largest mill-wheel; I followed it a short distance and found that the thirsty sands soon swallowed it up. At six o'clock we encamped for the night in the valley, having made twenty miles since morning.

Tuesday, July 9.—We were out before six o'clock this morning, and a tramp of nine miles brought us to Casas creek, in a narrow pass in the mountains. Here we were brought up at the brow of a steep road on the spurs of the mountain, presenting a most dismal prospect for the passage of a wagon. We took all the cattle out of our wagon except three yoke, and putting ropes across each side of the bed, all hands got on the upper side of the mountain and held on like good fellows to prevent the wagon from upsetting in the creek, and in half an hour had all scaled the walls of the precipice without an accident. We traveled some six miles upon the banks of Casas creek, which is a narrow, swift, and deep stream, making it difficult

to cross with wagons. Finding good grass we remained here for two hours. This afternoon we traveled till we reached a table of lofty mountains where we struck tents for the night, some three miles from the junction of the Fort Hall and Myers's cut-off roads. Distance to-day twenty miles.

Wednesday, July 10.—A heavy shower of rain last night made the morning cool and pleasant. We got our hasty meals and were yoked up and ready for a start by sunrise. An hour's travel brought us to the junction of the roads. I can fix no definite idea of the number of teams and persons which have traveled this road. We can see trains of wagons for a number of miles in advance of us. Before arriving at the junction of the roads, we appeared to be almost alone, but now we have any amount of company. Our position is in about the centre of the train of emigrants, all apparently getting on finely. About nine o'clock this morning we arrived at a creek with steep banks, where we found a number of emigrants digging a grave for a young man by the name of Jacob Waggoner, from Cass county, Illinois, who had died of consumption. At eleven o'clock we arrived at a cold spring of pure water in a deep ravine in the mountains; grass, however, was quite slim, having been eaten off by those who had preceded us. About the middle of the afternoon we came to a small stream called Goose creek, up the valley of which we traveled some six miles, and encamped for the night at a spot where we found excellent grass. We made twenty miles to-day, over mountainous roads, being in danger of sliding down to the bottom of the innumerable hills, at every step of our progress.

Thursday, July 11.—We resumed our journey this morning at five o'clock, still traveling up the beautiful valley of Goose creek, which is very narrow in some places, and walled in on both sides by lofty ranges of barren mountains. At eleven o'clock we stopped to graze our cattle. Soon after resuming our journey, we came to the crossing of Goose creek, leaving it to the left; here we filled our kegs with water. We here enter upon a portion of the route which is very barren, there being neither water nor grass. It is said to be

twenty-two miles to Warm Spring valley. We drove on till five o'clock and concluded to encamp for the night, although there was no water and but little grass. Wild sage is the principal production in this region, and even for that we are thankful, as it is a good substitute for wood. We made to-day twenty-one miles over dusty roads and through a scorching sun. In the course of the day we passed seven dead horses, four mules, and three oxen, a fact which speaks plainly enough of the nature of the country through which we are passing.

Friday, July 12.—I was aroused at two o'clock this morning to prepare breakfast, as we were anxious to make an early start, the morning being somewhat cool and therefore less oppressive on our cattle than when the sun gets high. A drive of seven miles brought us to a spring of pure running water in the valley, where we watered our cattle; but there being no grass, we proceeded about ten miles farther, where we found some wild rye and a well of cold water. Our cattle having ate and drank we continued on our journey up the valley, frequently along the banks of sloughy creeks, finding water in places ten feet deep, but extremely disagreeable to the taste. The country continues very barren, the soil producing nothing but wild sage, and this, I have no doubt, would grow on the most sterile sandbank in the Ohio river. The dust is so deep as to cover our boot tops, and rises in such clouds as to prevent the driver from seeing his teams. At six o'clock we encamped for the night on the banks of a sloughy creek; here we found tolerable water after skimming the surface of frog slime to the depth of three inches. In the course of the day we saw several Indians at a distance. The road being comparatively good to-day, we made twenty-five miles.

Saturday, July 13.—The morning was disagreeably cold, the water in our buckets having frozen during the night to the thickness of a dime. In consequence of the coldness of the morning we were not off quite as early as usual. At eight o'clock we reached a creek of running water, and five miles further on came to a creek of boiling water, so hot that I could not bear my hand in it. In less than

seventy-five yards from this creek of hot water was a spring of water cold as ice. At ten o'clock we stopped for our usual noon repast. This has been the most fatiguing morning's march we have yet experienced. The road dusty and the sun pouring down upon us with such intense heat as to cause the perspiration to roll off my face in large drops. This contrast in the night and day—the one with the temperature of the frigid and the other of the torrid zone, and being exposed to both with scarcely any protection—makes it very trying on the constitution. A drive of seven miles in the afternoon brought us to the end of the valley. Here we found numerous springs, from which the valley derives its name—Thousand Spring Valley. We watered our cattle, filled our kegs, and rolled on for several miles over a mountainous road, which brought us to fine grass and an excellent spring of water. Here we encamped for the night, having made twenty-three miles.

Sunday, July 14.—Left camp this morning at sunrise, after partaking of a hearty breakfast of beef-steak, which our friend Honsliman killed last night for one of our train mates. Turned out in company with Lindley and three wagons from New Albany, viz: Wilson & Rodgers; Pennington & Jones, and Dayton & Co., who had left the Salt Lake one day behind us. At eleven o'clock we stopped for a couple of hours on the banks of St. Mary's river. In the afternoon a journey of five hours down the valley brought us to an abundance of good grass and clover. The mountains on our left are still covered with snow. We passed the grave of a poor fellow by the name of Robinson, from Rushville, Ill., who had just died of bilious fever. We also encountered on the way twenty dead horses, four mules, and two oxen. To-day we made twenty miles.

Monday, July 15.—We crossed the St. Mary's river about three hours after resuming our journey this morning. The stream is about twenty-five feet wide, and the banks steep and miry, which make it difficult to cross. Our road lay down the valley of the river, on the banks of which we stopped at noon. At six o'clock we encamped for the night, having made to-day twenty-two miles.

Tuesday, July 16.—Left our encampment at four o'clock this morning, having used the last of our stock of sugar at breakfast. After crossing the north branch of St. Mary's river the road became quite hilly, but we soon got into the valley again. There is no timber in this valley, with the exception of small willows on the margins of the streams. There are numerous deep and miry sloughs extremely dangerous to stock. Since traveling through this valley I have counted more than a hundred corpses of horses and mules which have mired and died in these swamps. Numerous Indians were seen prowling about to-day for the purpose of stealing. A train of horse and mule teams in advance of us had twelve horses and ten mules stolen from them in one night. The Indians caught the man who was on guard, gagged him, stripped him stark naked, and wounded him in several plâces with arrows. Another poor fellow, on a previous night, was shot in the back of the head, and died in less than twenty-four hours. The Indians in this valley are very numerous and we have to keep strict guard at night. Twenty miles more of our long journey has been accomplished to-day.

Wednesday, July 17.—Last night we put our shooting irons in good order for the Indians if they should feel disposed to trouble us. Before retiring to rest, we fired a grand salute, to show the red skins that we were about in case of necessity. We had our breakfast and were on our road by half past four o'clock this morning. Traveled six hours over a dusty road, when we came to a canon where the road crosses the river. By going this river road, you cut off some ten miles, but it can only be traveled when the river is low and the swamp dried up; but we found the river very high and the ground extremely wet and marshy, which rendered it imprudent for us to take this road, so we went by the old route, over the mountains. In the course of about three hours we reached the summit; here our cattle were nearly fagged out, and, finding grass, we stopped here to feed and rest the animals. At six o'clock, we yoked up and traveled a couple of hours by moonlight, when we encamped for the night on the banks of a small creek. Distance traveled to-day twenty miles over crooked roads.

Thursday, July 18.—The morning was clear and very cold, our blankets being covered with frost. We got our breakfast by four o'clock, and were on the road by five. In a couple of hours came to several cross roads; we took the one to the left, which proved to be a cut off of some five miles of bad road. Here we came to a running stream of water, crossed it, and entered a deep ravine between two mountains, ascended the summit of one of them and passed down on to a cañon in the old road, which we traveled for several hours in the expectation that it would lead to the river in a short distance, not deeming it necessary, therefore, to fill our water kegs, which we stood much in need of. Six miles further on we came to the foot of a high mountain, before attempting to ascend which we turned our cattle out to rest, there not being a spear of grass or a drop of water. On reaching the top of the hill our cattle were very nearly exhausted for the want of water and grass. In a couple of miles from the foot of the mountain we came to a kind of well dug by the emigrants, where we found some water for our oxen. Pushed on through the cañon and over one of the roughest roads we have traveled since leaving home. We kept on our route several miles, all the time in the expectation of coming to the river, clambering over rocks, which are very destructive to wagons. Came to another mountain, upon the summit of which we encamped for the night, after a hard drive of twenty-four miles.

Friday, June 19.—About seven o'clock this morning we struck the St. Mary's river, where we watered our cattle. After crossing another mountain, we again reached the same river, where we stopped to noon, grass and indeed every kind of vegetation being extremely scarce. For the past few days grass has been very thin, and my opinion is that in less than two weeks from the present time it will be dried up. In which case, what will be the fate of the large crowd behind us? After resting our cattle for some six hours, we again rolled out at five and traveled by moonlight till nine o'clock. Distance to-day twenty miles.

Saturday, July 20.—Last night was a bad one for sleeping, as the mosquitoes annoyed us extremely. Our course this forenoon

was through the beautiful valley of the St. Mary's, frequently on the banks of the river. We nooned to-day at a spot where we found most excellent grass. This afternoon we struck a thick crust of alkaline, which is usually the sign of a desert in advance. Upon inquiry of some emigrants we were informed that it was twenty miles before we should again find grass. We made a considerable drive by moonlight, when, striking the river, we halted for the night, turning out our cattle to pick up what vegetation they could find, there being no grass. Traveled to-day twenty-six miles over good roads, excepting dust, which was over our boot tops.

Sunday, July 21.—Found our cattle this morning some two miles from camp, where there was a little grass. We traveled seven hours through the dust with a burning sun pouring down upon our heads. Rested on the banks of the river for four hours, finding but little grass. At six in the evening we stopped for the night. This is an awful-looking place; no grass; nothing growing but wild sage and a few small patches of prickly pear. Distance to-day eighteen miles over a sandy plain.

Monday, July 22.—During the night our cattle had strolled six miles from camp, where they found a little grass. We were later than usual in getting off this morning. Leaving the river, we took along a range of bluffs running parallel with the river, in order to cut off the bends. We hauled in at ten o'clock on the banks of a small lake or pond, where we found an abundance of grass. Here, with the consent of the captain of our mess, we concluded to rest till the cool of the evening and then make a short drive after night, it being sixteen miles before again coming to grass. Traveled twelve miles after night and found water but no grass. This is a gloomy-looking place. We hope to be through in twenty days more. Made to-day eighteen miles.

Tuesday, July 23.—Left camp at sunrise this morning. After crossing a high bluff we descended into a cañon, leaving the river to our left. We shortly struck the river and continued along its banks till ten o'clock, when we found good grass and nooned. Our course

in the afternoon lay over a heavy, sandy plain, still in the valley of the St. Mary's river. Saw an abundance of sage hens to-day. Distance twenty miles.

Wednesday, July 24.—Traveled ten miles this morning over a sandy plain. The prospect before us begins to look brown. No grass this side of the Sink, and what may be left by the emigrants in advance of us, is parched up by the sun; so we are fearful that we shall not get our teams through. We have no fears for ourselves, as we are within two hundred fifty miles of the Gold Region, and could make that on foot; still we are in hopes of not being driven to that necessity. At five o'clock we encamped for the night, our teams being much fatigued by the day's travel. The road has been awful—ascending and descending high sand bluffs, sinking in some places two feet deep. We came across several patches of sunflowers to-day. Distance sixteen miles.

Thursday, July 23.—Got under way at six o'clock this morning. The boys complain that they are nearly worn out, having been compelled to swim the river last night to cut grass for the cattle, and then having to carry it on their backs for three quarters of a mile through swamps and water up to their waists. But we are blessed with good health, are noways dispirited, and the best of feeling prevails between all the members of our mess. A drive of three hours this morning brought us to some grass, when we unyoked our cattle and let them graze, while we cut some grass to serve on the sixteen-mile desert in advance. In the course of the afternoon we counted twenty dead cattle, forty horses, and sixteen mules; also some fifty wagons that had been destroyed or burnt by emigrants intending to pack through.

Friday, July 24.—At ten o'clock last night we got safely through the sixteen-mile desert, and struck our tents on the bank of the river, but finding no grass, we tied our cattle to the wagons. We got our breakfast this morning at six o'clock, and in about six miles came to a little grass and halted for a few hours. In the mean time we bridged a slough with willows. At one o'clock we resumed our journey, crossed a sand hill, and struck the valley, down which we

traveled over a dusty but otherwise good road. The valley is beginning to get narrower, still bounded on both sides by high mountains and sand hills. At six o'clock we encamped for the night on the banks of the St. Mary's river. Traveled to-day fifteen miles.

Saturday, July 27.—We were on the road by sunrise this morning, but had proceeded only a few miles, when, hearing that a grassless and waterless barren of some sixteen miles was ahead, we turned our cattle out to graze. We resumed our journey about nine o'clock, and finding a camp road diverging from the main one, we took it, and in an hour reached the river, where, however, we found no grass. Here, the weather being extremely warm, we concluded to rest and make the remainder of the journey through the desert in the cool of the evening. After a hearty supper of light biscuit, Martin Foster's ham, and coffee, we resumed our march and traveled till eleven o'clock, which brought us to the banks of the St. Mary's, where we unyoked our cattle and stopped for the night—no grass on our side of the river. There is said to be a large meadow, abundantly supplied with grass, some twenty miles in advance of us. Made twenty miles to-day.

Sunday, July 28.—Swam our cattle across the river this morning by daylight, and concluded to remain here till the evening, our cattle being very much in need of food. At five o'clock, P. M., we started for the meadow twenty miles ahead, in the hope of reaching it in the course of the night, intending, when we got there, to remain and rest our teams for a few days.

Monday, July 29.—Traveled last night till eleven o'clock, when we cooked our supper and rested our cattle, after which we again drove on till half past three o'clock, made another rest of an hour, and again drove on till seven o'clock, which brought us to the banks of a slough and a spring of good cool water, a little sulphury. Here we filled our kegs with water, being the only drinkable water we shall get till we have crossed a desert of sixty-five miles in advance. At one o'clock we reached the meadow of which I spoke yesterday, having traveled thirty-six miles without coming across a spear of

grass. At this place there is an abundance of good grass and we have concluded to remain here for several days. Distance to-day twenty miles, over a bad, dusty road. In our day's travel I have counted near a hundred dead horses, thirty mules, and sixty oxen; also about twenty wagons that emigrants had been compelled to leave. The horses strewed along the road had given out, and with those which had been spared, the emigrants had concluded to pack their way through.

Tuesday, July 30.—We have been all busy to-day making hay, and have now some six hundred pounds lying by our wagon, intended for use while crossing the desert. Had we not had the good fortune of coming across this grass, our cattle would have been in poor plight for traveling. The labor of cutting it, however, is very great, and we have, besides, to carry it one mile on our backs and to wade through water three feet deep.

Wednesday, July 31.—Started out from our resting place at eight o'clock this forenoon, and traveled till three o'clock, when we encamped at the Sink of the river, between two bluffs, having made twenty miles.

Thursday, August 1.—Rolled out this morning before sunrise, and two hours' travel brought us to a slough, where we leave the river and ascend a high hill, the commencement of the sixty-five mile desert. A drive of three hours brought us to another slough, where we took in our supply of water, and found two hundred wagons doing the same. Here we rested our cattle till the cool of the evening, when we took our place in a train about five miles in length. We soon struck a heavy, sandy road, and in the space of one mile I counted forty-six wagons that had been deserted, the horses not being able to drag them through. At one o'clock in the morning we brought to and halted till daylight.

Friday, August 2.—Started out by four o'clock this morning, at six stopped to cook our breakfast and lighten our wagons by throwing away the heavier portion of our clothing and such other articles as we can best spare. We pushed on to-day with as much

speed as possible, determined, if possible, to get through the desert, but our cattle gave such evident signs of exhaustion that we were compelled to stop. Being completely out of water, myself, Rowley, and Woodfill bought two gallons from a trader, (who had brought it along on speculation) for which we paid the very reasonable price of one dollar per gallon. The desert through which we are passing is strewed with dead cattle, mules, and horses. I counted in a distance of fifteen miles three hundred fifty dead horses, two hundred eighty oxen, and one hundred twenty mules; and hundreds of others are left behind being unable to keep up. Such is traveling through the desert. These dead animals, decaying on the road, keep the air scented all the way through. A tan yard or slaughter house is a flower garden in comparison. A train from Missouri have, to-day, shot twenty oxen. Vast amounts of valuable property have been abandoned and thrown away in this desert—leather trunks, clothing, wagons, &c., to the value of at least a hundred thousand dollars, in about twenty miles. I have counted, in the last ten miles three hundred sixty-two wagons, which in the States cost about $120 each. The cause of so many wagons being abandoned, is to endeavor to save the animals and reach the end of the journey as soon as possible by packing through; the loss of personal goods is a matter of small importance comparatively.

Saturday, August 3.—We are now encamped in the desert, and a sweet place it is, too. We sent our cattle to the river, for water and grass, where we concluded to let them remain for a short time, in the hope of getting a lighter wagon. Our companion Smith returned from the river at one o'clock with five gallons of water—a most acceptable present, and we at once took out our tin cups and drank to the health of our mothers, wives, children, and friends, with as much gusto as if it were champagne.

Sabbath, August 4.—The day our mothers charged us never to forget. The scorching sun is pouring down upon us with great intensity. We remained in camp till six o'clock, P. M., when, having procured a light wagon, we pushed out and drove eight miles to Carson river, where we encamped for the night, in a good grass region.

Monday, August 5.—This morning we took breakfast on the banks of Carson river, a beautiful though narrow stream of clear water. At noon to-day we cut grass for our cattle, having a desert of sixteen miles to cross. Here we met several traders from Sacramento city, who had been out twelve days with provisions to sell to the emigrants. Flour is held at $1.50 per lb.; sugar $1.25 per lb.; bacon-sides $1.00 per lb., &c., &c. They represent the prospects of the miners to be good.

Tuesday, August 6.—This morning four of our companions started on ahead of the teams to pick out a suitable place at the mines for working. To-day we crossed a desert fourteen miles wide, at the end of which we arrived at six o'clock in the evening, and again encamped on the bank of Carson river, having made twenty miles.

Wednesday, August 7.—There being another desert in advance, we remained in camp till four o'clock in the afternoon, in the hope of being able to cross it in the night. Traveled till two o'clock in the morning, when, finding the road heavy and hard on our cattle, we halted till daylight.

Thursday, August 8.—At four o'clock we were again on our way and in three hours reached the river. We have now crossed the last desert and it is said that for the remainder of the distance we shall have good grass and water. Our only dread now is the Sierra Nevada mountains. This night we encamped with some two hundred wagons on Carson river, much worn down by night traveling.

Friday, August 9.—We left the river this morning and ascended a mountain over a rough, rocky road. The snow-capped mountains are in view in every direction, and some of the boys say there is no way of escaping them, but I guess there is a way. After getting over the mountains and passing through a cañon, we again struck the valley of Carson river, upon the banks of which stream we encamped for the night. Distance to-day twenty-two miles.

Saturday, August 10.—Our team started out at five o'clock this morning. Myself, Genung, and Woodfill remained behind with one of our oxen, which was sick. We watched the faithful animal and ministered to him all the remedies in our possession, but he died. It seemed like parting with an old friend. He had shared with us all the vicissitudes of this toilsome journey, and now to see him expire was truly painful. Our route to-day lay up the valley of Carson river, which is here from fifteen to twenty miles in width, and is really a fine strip of country. The loftiest mountains we have yet seen are now in full view; we suppose them to be the Sierra Nevada, being covered with fine pine timber. At noon to-day we were visited by some twenty Root Digger Indians, a portion of whom are perfectly naked; they say there is plenty of gold in the mountains. In the afternoon we came to a place called the Mormon Station, a perfect skinning post for emigrants. They have provisions of all kinds: Flour $1.50 per pound, sugar $1.75, bacon $1.75, fresh beef of broken down oxen 50 cents, and every thing else in proportion. I have just been to see a wounded man, a full charge of a large rifle-barrel gun having passed directly through his right leg, tearing the bone in several places; the physician is of opinion that the wound will mortify and that the sufferer must die; the sight is truly an awful one. The nights here are very cold, there being ice in our water buckets every morning; but in mid-day the sun is oppressively hot. Good roads to-day and we made twenty miles.

Sunday, August 11.—It was seven o'clock before we got off this morning. A mile in advance of our present camp the Indians shot some ten horses with their arrows, crippling them so severely as to render them unable to travel. The packers to whom they belonged killed them on the spot, to prevent the red rascals from getting them. Three hours' travel brought us to a point where the road leaves the valley and throws us on a rocky, sandy road. At eleven o'clock we came to the western branch of Carson river, and into a large cañon through a gorge in the mountains. There are a number of large pines here, one of which I observed was upwards of one hundred and sixty feet in height and seven feet in diameter.

This stream affords sufficient water to run any amount of machinery. The road which we are traveling defies all description. Of all the rough roads I have ever seen or even imagined, this beats them. Rocks from the size of a flour barrel to that of a meeting house are strewed all along the road, and these we are compelled to clamber and squeeze our way through as best we can. The boys say they never saw a road a hundredth part as bad as this. After traveling, as we supposed, about six miles, we met a trader with packmules loaded with provisions, who informed us that it was yet two miles through, and that it would be impossible to reach the end before night. Darkness overtook us at a point where there was some willow bushes for our cattle, and we encamped for the night. Here for the first time on our route the picture of mountain scenery is fully realized; the mountains close in upon us on every side, and raise their lofty peaks high toward heaven, which are covered with snow, glistening strangely in the sun. Distance made to-day eighteen miles, saying nothing about roads.

Monday, August 12.—Our cattle this morning look rough and fagged down by yesterday's jaunt. A drive of two miles this morning brought us to the end of the canon, and we had for some distance an excellent road up the valley. At twelve o'clock we got our dinners, and shoved ahead over a miserably rocky road, which brought us to the foot of the first mountain; here we hitched seven yoke of oxen to our wagon, and in a few minutes were on the first summit, where we encamped for the night, in company with Ritchey and Armstrong, finding some willow brush for our cattle. This summit is covered with snow to the depth of eight feet, and the air is very cold, freezing as it would on a cold December day at home. Distance to-day twelve miles, over awful roads.

Tuesday, August 13.—On consultation last night it was determined to throw one of our wagons away and double team. Woodfill and Smith, therefore, left theirs and hitched their cattle to our wagon. We got our breakfast at sunrise and commenced ascending the second summit of the mountain; traveled about half a mile, in

which distance we had gone up about a hundred feet, when the cattle gave out and refused to stir an inch. This was a pretty predicament; a number of teams were below waiting for us to go ahead before they could move. Every thing was thrown into confusion. Some were for packing the oxen; some for making a cart; some for one thing and some for another. It was finally concluded to pack our oxen with what little provisions and clothing we had, and throw the wagon away. We went to work arranging things for packing; at twelve o'clock, having every thing ready, rolled out, and an awful roll out it was, too— over cliffs of rocks, down steep, craggy hills, enough to kill an ox to look at. We had traveled about an hour when our oxen became much wearied and badly frightened; one young fellow, that had our cooking utensils aboard, such as dishes, knives and forks, cups, tin pans, &c., &c., ran off down the mountain, with his pack hanging to him, throwing everything helter skelter in every direction. We finally overhauled him and gathered up what scattered fragments we could find, changing his pack to an older and more docile animal. At every tree we would pass, however, the packs of some of the cattle would be dropping off; such was our first experiment in "packing." About sunset we came to a large lake at the foot of the mountain, where we stopped for the night, having made six miles; tall traveling, that!

Wednesday, August 14.—Laid by till one o'clock to-day, to allow our cattle to graze. At two o'clock we packed our animals and commenced the ascent of the snowy mountains. At five we reached the summit of the highest ridge of California mountains, about eight miles distant from our last encampment, over rough, rocky roads, and through banks of snow fourteen feet deep. Descended three miles and encamped for the night, finding water but no grass. Made eleven miles to-day.

Thursday, August 15.—We were somewhat delayed this morning, our cattle having strolled out through the mountains in search of grass; they were finally got together, however, and packed, and we recommenced our descent of the mountain, which in many places

was very difficult. The mountains here are heavily timbered with pine and cedar, the finest I ever saw. Beautiful flowers, myrtles, &c. are also frequently to be seen, exhibiting all the freshness of May. Six o'clock brought us to our present camp in a valley. We are now fifty miles from the gold diggings. In the mountains we passed the grave of a man supposed to have been killed by the Indians for his money. Distance to-day fifteen miles.

Friday, August 16.—Our nags were ready for a start by six o'clock this morning. Stopped to rest and feed our cattle at a place called Leek Springs Valley. It appears to me that the miles in the mountains are twice as long as those in the valley; at any rate it takes us twice as long to travel them. It is with great difficulty that we can now make sixteen miles a day. Six o'clock brought us to our present camp in the mountains, thirty miles from Weaversville. We unpacked our cattle, and bade them help themselves to all they could find in the way of grass,—an invitation which could avail the weary and hungry animals but little, as all the grass within a circuit of five miles would scarcely suffice to appease the hunger of one of them. In the course of our journey to-day we saw several mountain deer. Made twelve miles.

Saturday, August 17.—Last night was quite cold, and all the cover we had saved when our cattle refused to further pull our wagon, was not sufficient to keep us warm. Got our hasty meal by five o'clock, and were on our journey; traveled five hours and stopped to rest, without, however, finding a drop of water or a blade of grass. About the middle of the afternoon we came to a spring of good water, but still found no grass. Here John Yount and Crawford Clark passed us with their mule team bound for Sacramento City. We traveled some three hours by moonlight down the mountain, over a rough road and dust two feet deep, and so dense that frequently we could not see the cattle at a distance of ten steps. At ten o'clock we reached our present camp twenty miles from Hangtown, still finding no grass for our starving cattle. Made to-day eighteen miles.

Sunday, *August* 18.—Quite early this morning, we arrived at the forks of the road, the one leading to Hangtown and the other to Weaversville. We took the latter, and drove on till about ten o'clock, when our cattle appeared so nearly exhausted that we stopped and cut down the limbs of some oak trees to feed to them. For ourselves we had cherries, plums, raspberries, gooseberries, and filberts, which the boys gathered while in camp here; they are very abundant in the mountains. We are now some six miles from Pleasant Valley or Dry Diggings, still descending. This is a great country for saw mills, the timber, consisting of balsam of fir, pine, and cedar, and the finest I ever saw; many of the trees are upwards of one hundred eighty feet in height, and from six to eight feet in diameter, and as straight as an arrow. In about six miles from our resting place we came to a spring of water and some grass, and concluded to remain here for the night. Distance to-day eighteen miles.

Monday, *August* 19.—This morning we started at six o'clock, and in two hours struck the gold valley. We are now over the Sierra Nevada mountains and some six miles from Weaver creek, a branch of the American Fork of the Sacramento. Traveled till ten o'clock, and finding some grass and water in the valley, we unyoked our cattle to let them graze, while I prepared something for ourselves to eat, of which we were in great need. Here we cooked the last provisions we had on the route. We have been greatly blessed and favored by a kind Providence throughout this long and toilsome journey. Many have fallen by accident and disease, while we have been permitted to progress thus far smoothly and quietly, in fine spirits, and enjoying good health. At six o'clock we arrived in the city of Weaversville. This place is situated on a creek; its population is about one thousand; the dwellings are principally log cabins and shanties. Found the boys who had preceded us, all well, but in low spirits—provisions high, gold scarce, &c. They had been trying their hands at mining, but had not made more than their board. Our friend Reisinger has been sick, but is now on the mend.

Tuesday, *August* 20.—This forenoon was occupied in deliberation, and it was concluded to have a division of the mess; conse-

quently we had an auction of a portion of our goods. I bought a sharp pointed shovel for $13.00 and a pick for $4.50. The mess was then dissolved in "Friendship, Love, and Truth," as the Odd Fellows say—a portion having decided to go thirty miles south, on Machosma creek—an arrangement which does not meet my views, and myself and Rowley will remain here.

Wednesday, August 21.—This day we arranged our utensils for work, and bought a cradle, for which we paid twenty-five dollars. Rowley has gone down the creek to look out for a suitable place for working. Provisions here are very high; flour 20 cents per lb.; bacon 75 cts; sugar 50 cts.; molasses $4 per gallon, &c. Our mess, excepting Rowley and myself, after dinner, started for their destination on Machosma creek.

Thursday, August 22.—By daylight this morning we were on our way, shovel, pick, and rocker on our shoulders, for our place of mining. Commenced at a place which had been abandoned, and, throwing out a few shovels full of dirt, and found it to yield pretty well. Our day's work amounted to about half an ounce.

Friday, August 23.—Our first day's operations in mining were in the bed of the creek, water three feet deep. A great number of men are here at work. Within a district of eight miles by ten I should suppose there to be from eight to ten thousand. I am of opinion that the gold harvest in this region is about over. All the creeks, beds, bottoms and ravines are dug up and turned upside down. Here we find we have to dig from three to ten feet deep in hard, rocky ground, before reaching the clay upon which the gold deposite is found. Frequently the labor of digging one of these pits is entirely in vain, and my candid opinion is that, taking all the miners on Weaver creek, together, do not average more than three dollars per day. This statement may surprise many, but it may be relied on. Every day or two you hear of one man in fifty or more who takes out of some pocket or crevice in one day some six or eight ounces of gold. But the whole truth is not told. Many a poor fellow works hard for twelve or twenty-four hours in digging his pit, and then

comes to a smooth, hard rock—all his labor lost. This is not worth reporting; yet thousands of cases of this kind occur daily. When you have your pit dug and find the rock smooth, without a crevice or deposite of clay, it is certain you will get no gold. The most I have made in *one* day in digging here, is four dollars, and I have done some tall digging. Still I think that by perseverance and industry a man can make money here.

Saturday, August 24.—Our hole having given out, we rambled about for miles in search of a location, but every spot of ground appeared to be dug up or was occupied by miners. So we concluded to return home.

Sunday, August 25.—The day is pleasant and the air pure, clear and fragrant. All the boys except myself are off prospecting. Being alone at home, I spent the day in meditation and reading.

Monday, August 26.—Got our breakfast at four o'clock, and took our mining tools and started down the creek about four miles, where, finding a suitable place for operations, we washed out about fifty buckets of dirt, and got about a half ounce of gold, wet feet, and aching bones.

Tuesday, August 27.—Our hole having given out, we prospected about several hours, and at length found a place which bid fair to yield tolerably well. So we set to work, and labored as hard as any poor fellow ever did, carrying our dirt about four hundred yards, over rocks, to the creek. It did not yield as well as we expected, and to our surprise soon gave out. Got half an ounce.

Wednesday, August 28.—Got our breakfast by sunrise and moved our camp five miles further down the creek. Found a hole and worked till the sun got so hot that we were compelled to take to our tent.

Thursday, August 29.—The hard work yesterday caused me to pass a restless night. After breakfast started for our hole and by eight o'clock got down to a sufficient depth for washing; so we each shouldered a bag of dirt and started for the creek; and if carrying great bags of earth on one's back all day, in the hot sun, and over

rocks and deep ledges, is not hard work then I am no judge of what hard work is.

Friday, August 30.—Started off early to the diggings, and our day's labor yielded about nine dollars.

Saturday, August 31.—The sun is oppressively hot, though the nights are cool. The proceeds of our day's labors amounted to nine dollars and some cents.

Sunday, September 1.—Rowley is discouraged and thinks mining a poor business. My thoughts to-day are more than a thousand miles distant—they are of home, mother, sister, and friends. In the afternoon I took a stroll several miles over the hills, in the course of which I came across a poor fellow lying in front of a log cabin, suffering from a severe diarrhœa. I left him a bottle of Brown's cholera mixture and directions how to take it.

Monday, September 2.—Worked to-day till the sun compelled me to seek a shelter. The result of my labor to-day is six dollars.

Tuesday, September 3.—Worked during the cool parts of the day. The day's labor resulted in wet feet, aching bones, and the enormous yield of $5.60.

Wednesday, September 4.—Off to the diggings this morning bright and early and passed the day in throwing up dirt in the ravine.

Thursday, September 5.—Passed the day in working at the mine—the proceeds of which was $6.10.

Friday, September 6.—Last night was cold. Consumed half the day in carrying dirt from the diggings. My day's labors yielded me $5.70.

Saturday, September 7.—Spent the day in prospecting about the ravines. Made some three dollars.

Sunday, September 8.—Spent the day in writing letters home to mother, sister, and friends. Myself and Rowley go up to Sacramento City to-morrow to see if we cannot muster a letter or newspaper, neither of which we have seen for six months past.

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